UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

John Haynes Holmes, *Editor in Chief*

Associate Editors

Francis Neilson Louis L. Mann Curtis W. Reese

What's Happening to the Church of England?

By ALSON H. ROBINSON

The Method and Meaning of Quiet—Part I

By BILL SIMPSON

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

Part IV, Chapters XVIII and XIX

By M. K. GANDHI

The Brotherhood of Youth

By ELLIS CHADBOURNE

Near and Far East Glimpses—Turkey

By DOREMUS SCUDDER

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John Haynes Holmes **Francis Neilson**
Curtis W. Reese **Louis L. Mann**

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Contents

EDITORIAL— Page
Notes 311
What's Happening to the Church of England?—ALSON H. ROBINSON 313
Jottings—J. H. H. 315

ARTICLES—
The Church—*Phillips Brooks* 311
The Method and Meaning of Quiet—Part I—BILL SIMPSON 315
The Story of My Experiments with Truth—Part IV. Chapters XVIII and XIX—M. K. GANDHI 317
The Brotherhood of Youth—ELLIS CHADBOURNE 319
Near and Far East Glimpses—Turkey—DOREMUS SCUDDER 320

POETRY—
The Bishop—ROSE DAVISON 318

THE STUDY TABLE—
The Soul of Jenkin Lloyd Jones—Three Historical Novels—Renan's "Life of Jesus"—Reviews by JOHN HAYNES HOLMES 321

CORRESPONDENCE—
The Russell Tremain Case—SYDNEY STRONG... 322
Mayor Thompson and a War Referendum—KATE CRANE-GARTZ 322
More Credit for "Big Bill"—W. J. HAWORTH 322

THE FIELD—
Constitutionality of Outlawing War..... 323
The Situation in China Grows More Serious.. 323
A Pacifist General..... 324

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME C MONDAY, JANUARY 23, 1928 NUMBER 20

THE CHURCH

Do you think, my friends, you who stand outside the Church and blame her for her inconsistencies, and tell of her shortcomings and point out the corruptions that are in her history, all that are in her present life today,—do you really believe that there is an earnest man in the church today, that does not know the church's weaknesses and faults as well as you do?

Do you believe that there is one of us living in the heart of the church today, who does not think with all his conscience, who does not every day in deep distress and sorrow know how the church fails of the great life of the Master, how far she is from what God meant she should be, and what she shall be some day?

But all the more will I put my life into that church, all the more will I drink the strength she can give me, and make what humble contribution to her I can bring of the earnestness and faithfulness of my life.

There is no body on the face of the earth today, that represents what she represents—the noble destiny of the human soul, the great capacity of human faith, the inexhaustible and unutterable love of God.

—Phillips Brooks.

We have been looking back over the recent issues of this paper, and we find that no mention has been made in these columns of the Mexican documents published with such vast sensation in the Hearst press. Ours is perhaps the only paper, daily or weekly, in the entire country that has ignored these documents completely. Not only have we ignored them editorially, but we have not even read them personally. During all the time when the hullabaloo was on, we bought not a single copy of the Hearst newspapers, and thus saw not a single line of the exposé. Of this we are proud, inordinately proud, more proud than is consistent with the righteousness we covet. For we find ourselves justified in the conviction which was ours from the beginning, that these Mexican documents were all forgeries, and therefore not worth a moment of time nor a word of comment. Anything of this kind coming out of Mexico is obviously false, just as anything of a like kind coming out of Russia is obviously false. It is not worth while even imagining that such documents may be genuine. Hearst himself, for all his protestations of innocence and high motive, didn't think them genuine. For selfish purposes of his own, he assumed that there were enough morons in the country to make the publication of the forgeries worth while as material for sensation. And, behold, the newspapers, the weeklies, even the Senators, all fell for it, and gave Hearst just the nine-days' wonder that he was after. We are proud that UNITY had no part in this silly business. We wish that other papers had followed our policy and made Hearst's carefully planned sensation the "dud" that it should have been. Some day we are going to learn to deal with realities. We shall handle facts, not rumors—truth, not falsehood—and we shall know how to make distinction between the two. When that day comes, the liar, the forger, the scandal-monger, the propagandist, will find that doors are shut and the weather is cold. For him the world will be a cheerless place, and for the rest of mankind a place of safe and happy sojourn.

The New York *Times* calls the Nicaraguan affair a case of "bad luck." This it is undoubtedly, and also incidentally. What the affair is in essence is a case of *villiany*. We use this ugly word because we mean it. Make out the best case that can be made out for American intervention! Talk endlessly and emphatically and piously about protecting life and property, securing honest elections, establishing peace, and so on! Yet is there any defender of our policy in this Central American republic who believes that, if identically the same conditions prevailed in England, or Italy, or Germany, or Serbia, or even Albania, we would be sending marines to the country in question? The idea is ridiculous! What has happened is that certain liberal forces in Nicaragua, as in Mexico, are doing things not altogether to the liking of American investors. Highly important imperialistic interests of ours are being disturbed or jeopardized. Poor Nicaragua is weak, without allies, close at hand, well within the American sphere of influence. So we send down our marines, stage our bullying act of military invasion and political dictation, kill and steal and " 'rare 'round" generally, and then talk unctuously about friendship and goodwill. If there be those who can stand this thing without nausea, they have stronger stomachs than we have. The whole sickening business is to us a piece of villiany of the first order, and the villiany is befouled by an hypocrisy of which a Sunday school superintendent, bank-robber or adulterer would be ashamed. It is only when this villiany is understood, that we can talk about the "bad luck" which so worries the *Times*. "Bad luck" it is, or rather bungling thoroughly characteristic of a Kellogg and a Wilbur. The carrying out of our policy of intervention could not have been worse done, even

had these two secretaries deliberately tried to better their own unexcelled records for stupidity and ineptitude. The whole thing is of a piece with Kellogg's triumph of inefficiency in Mexico last spring, and Wilbur's masterpiece of bureaucratic ineptitude in the S-4 sinking last month. So bad was the whole affair that not even an able man, like Stimson, could save it. We have no particular fondness for crime, but, when done, we like to see it well done.

Speaking of Nicaragua reminds us, for very consolation's sake, of Lindbergh and his good-will flight through the countries of our nearest Indo-Latin neighbors. The reaction among these populations has been as amazing as it has been gratifying. But perhaps the most amazing feature of all is that we are amazed! Have we not believed in good will all this time? Have we not been talking as though the artificial barriers which separate nations and races would melt away if we were sincerely interested in one another? After all, what makes Lindbergh's progress so amazing is that he is so natural and all that happens is so commonplace. What makes the young fellow so unique is that there is nothing artificial or forced about him or about what he does. Anybody could do it. Only nobody else does or can. Everybody else is spoiled. Everybody else would think it necessary to strike attitudes and don costumes for the drama. Everybody else would clear his throat and memorize his little speech before he began. Lindbergh does not pretend to be what he is not, but is willing to let high and low take him for just what he is. The stereotyped phrases in which he thanks the florid orators at every stopping point for their and their peoples' honors heaped upon him are themselves a tribute to his sincerity. His knowledge of literature is probably meager and his skill in phrase-making scant. So his small stock of phrases has run out and he can only thank everybody in the same trite words, and sincerely protest a youthful interest in the new lands and peoples he is seeing from day to day. That is all there is to be said, and that is all he is trying to say. But there must be some profound resource of character which sustains him and which has not yet been fathomed. Perhaps he is only dimly conscious himself why it is that he does not lose his head. The explanation cannot be a cynical discounting of popular adulation, generated out of a discerning youth in Washington, for Lindbergh is not cynical. May be it is a long, long look ahead which enables him to see the present in perspective. The explanation will doubtless be as simple as it is profound.

It will be too bad if the flaming youth of today who see in Lindbergh the generation's ideal shall miss the lesson of his technical thoroughness. When one of the Presidents along the way expressed the hope that he might complete his world-girdling journeys and then settle down on land beyond the risks of his present locomotion, the skilled aviator dryly remarked that up in the United States people were coming to believe that travel by airplane is safer than travel by train. In the degree in which that is true, the fact is in great measure due to Lindbergh's own technical achievements. Probably a more expert mechanician has not entered a cock-pit. He has always maintained that he takes no reckless chances. The results commend the sincerity and accuracy of his statement. He knows his machine and the science by which it was constructed and is kept going. Such mastery is the *sine qua non* of achievement of highest significance in the new age. Slopping doesn't go, any longer. Lindbergh's amazing character is fashioned by this mastery. This is what makes him what he is. This is what keeps him from slopping over in reaction to such adulation as living man has not before received. He knows what he can do and what he cannot do. This is what keeps him from yielding to the impulse to dissipation which few or no popular idols have before been able to resist. Dissipation does not attract him. It offers no temptation. It would frustrate that technical excellence which he has made the beau ideal of his existence. This achievement in character-building is just what education is designed to do for young people, and which it so rarely achieves. To attain it Lindbergh had to desert the most progressive university in the land. The records there say he flunked. He did, or else the university did. Probably the more enlightened members of the faculty are now scratching their heads wondering which it was. They ought to, for Lindbergh has learned the lesson of life in the new day, and he had to leave the university to go to school. A muddling old gray-beard who believes in a day better than his own will warn, "Young man, don't slop; know your stuff! Look at Lindbergh."

Group neuroses are coming to be recognized in psychology and psychiatry. The phrase "mob psychology" has long been in use. Nicer distinctions are now possible than that phrase has been used to imply. There is the time-honored story of the half-witted youth whose mental defects were explained by his family as having been caused by a fall from a cherry-tree during his early childhood. A wag in the neighborhood, noting a general family deficiency in mental capacity, ventured the surmise that the whole family had fallen out of the cherry-tree. Whole communities develop a particular mental bent. They all "get that way," once the majority have established the tendency. This is the most charitable as well as the most scientific explanation of the rambunctious state of Oklahoma in the southwest. If they are not impeaching a Governor they are conducting a red-hot political campaign, with lurid play of firearms, to elect one whom they will be justified in im-

peaching. By this time it has become a continuous performance. A new outbreak is almost as little news as another revolution in one of the Central American republics. Nor are the origins of these Oklahoma neuroses difficult to identify. As the old Indian Territory it was, in considerable sections, peopled by gunmen and refugees from various courts of justice. When its wide and rich territory was opened to settlement, it had been encircled by "civilization," and the signal to enter was significantly enough a pistol shot. At that signal on a spring day in 1889, and on similar occasions later, vast expanses were opened to the invasion of a population susceptible to the most virulent form of the American get-rich-quick fever. The clamorous temper of the wild frontier was crossed with the frenzy of Wall Street. Out of all this was Oklahoma born. It is now running true to its paternity and maternity. The present citizenship of the state has inherited its insanity. Oklahoma children are reared in a psychotic atmosphere. Each generation ought to improve. The citizen of today is not quite so expert a gunman as his predecessor of a generation or two ago. There is hope for the future.

The hundred year cycles into which it is customary to throw human history are doubtless artificial, if not purely fictitious. Nature does not begin again with the opening of each new century. Nor do the mighty social forces created by human civilizations. Yet the very fact that these forces are of human creation insures a degree of rhythm in their movements. The century has become an impulse of psychology as well as a cycle of years. No historian can review, for example, the second decades of the past five or six centuries of western civilization without noting a striking similarity in the total expression of the human impulses. Some of us cannot be unconscious that we are now entering upon a new epoch in the present century; we are turning a corner and starting down a new stretch of the road. It was just a hundred years ago that Andrew Jackson was first elected to the presidency. That was shock enough to the conventions of the day. In the light of subsequent history it was an event little short of revolutionary. It is not at all unlikely that the election of this year will be found to mark as distinct a turning point in the present century. Not that another Andrew Jackson is about to emerge! But it seems fairly clear that the "elder statesmanship," which during recent years, has in some sense paralleled the cult of the "fathers of the republic" during the first quarters of the 19th century, is doomed to pass. Neither Al Smith nor Herbert Hoover, nor anybody else conceivably to be elected, will take pains to preserve the present outworn political cult. If it is preserved at all, somebody must take a prodigy of pains; it certainly cannot survive in its own right or might. Indeed, Governor Smith's fundamental weakness as a candidate is his alliance with the old order. He is a skilful politician; but there is little else to be said, favorable or unfavorable. He is certainly not a great statesman. As Walter Lippman has pointed out in *Harper's,* nobody knows what he may think of any of the large questions of national or international concern; probably not even he himself! Mr. Hoover's strength will be found in the very fact that he is not a politician. May it not be that this passing of "politics" is to mark the present turning point? Let us live in hope.

What's Happening to the Church of England?

To a person who demands monosyllabic replies the answer to this question might be, "lots." For one thing the Church of England is going to have a new Prayer Book. That emotional scene which was enacted in the House of Commons on December 15 in which the new Prayer Book was rejected was by no means final. When the excitement of the moment had subsided, women in the galleries had stopped crying, and the Archbishop of Canterbury had regained his ecclesiastical poise, it was seen that his Grace was not disposed to resign his office at once, nor that disestablishment was a matter of immediate concern. The one result which appears unmistakable is that compromise will soon be reached and that a Prayer Book will later be presented which will receive the sanction of the House of Commons. The Church of England is going to have a new Prayer Book.

Many persons in America to whom the very idea of an established church is wholly foreign find difficulty in adjusting themselves to all this fuss over a Prayer Book. It is probably not too much to say that the Prayer Book is to the Church of England what Lindbergh's compass is to the "Spirit of St. Louis." There are times when the English Church manifests a good deal of independence just as in fair weather Lindy is wholly free from mechanical devices. But the Church of England has steered its course with reference to this hoary instrument for so long a time, that anything like complete independence is unthinkable.

Since the adoption and authorization of the present English Prayer Book, which comes from Cranmer in 1552, there have of course been many dissenters. On the whole, however, within the church itself this Prayer Book has remained practically undisputed down to the present time. Within the past 50 years, increasing demands have been raised for its modification so as to admit greater latitude and conform more nearly to certain tendencies which have developed within the church itself.

There are churches in England today, particularly

among the Anglo-Catholic group, where the priests are making their own Prayer Books to suit themselves. Such books are in definite violation of the Protestant and Reformed tradition of the English Church. The religious establishment in England is badly spotted with this sort of thing. It was in order to overcome this confusion that a royal commission was appointed in 1906 looking towards a revision of the authorized book. The first thing for a non-conformist to remember, therefore, is that the Prayer Book itself is of primary importance in the English Church and that nothing is to be gained through any effort to minimize its influence.

Another important matter which is happening in the Church of England is embodied in the deep and perilous cleavage between the Anglo-Catholics on the one hand and the Modernists on the other. The former are headed distinctly and without reservation for Rome. For this reason it is their desire to approximate the miracle of the Mass, to adopt the wafer instead of the wheaten bread, as a step towards the perpetual reservation of the host, and finally to offer prayers for the dead which implies a belief in purgatory. In a word, these Anglo-Catholics seem prepared to give up everything for which the Protestant Reformation has stood, except their wives.

Over against this stands the Modernist Party conversant with modern science, and prepared to redefine their religious values in terms of these new discoveries and this new world outlook. These Modernists have made a very telling point against their opponents, the Anglo-Catholics, when they draw attention to the fact that the time may come when the Romanists themselves will even disown some of their superstitious extravagance. It is told of the late Abbé Duschesne, who was an interested spectator of the English Church, that he was much puzzled as to the precise aims of the Anglo-Catholics. At last he received an illuminating exposition from a member of the school. When it concluded the Abbé exclaimed, "Ah, now I see you wish to introduce into the English church many things which we wish to drive out of the Catholic Church."

As regards the organization and leadership of these two groups it might be said that while the Anglo-Catholic movement is better organized, as we should expect anything looking Romeward to be, the Modernists on the other hand are able to point to some of the best minds and most intrepid leaders as affiliated with their movement. Outstanding among the leaders in the Modernist Party is Bishop Barnes of the diocese of Birmingham. When Bishop Barnes was interrupted in his conduct of a service in St. Paul's Cathedral some weeks ago, being taken to task for preaching what were characterized as gorrilla sermons, a lot of people in America were secretly delighted that Dayton, Tennessee, had broken out in St. Paul's.

Of course, it is by no means so simple as that. This interruption to which Bishop Barnes was subjected was not primarily because he is an evolutionist, but because of his demand for a clarification of the whole meaning of sacrament in religion. The Anglo-Catholics recognize perfectly well their inability to meet Bishop Barnes on his own grounds, and so draw this red herring of science across the trail of ecclesiastical controversy. It is a familiar device. All one ever has to do is to shriek "Bolshevist" whereupon it is all over so far as getting at the merits of the case is concerned.

What this fearless and clear-minded English Bishop wants his church to do is to clarify its mind upon the meaning of the sacrament. He wants to get it out of the field of idolatry, superstition, and mechanism into a realm which will satisfy the intelligence of the educated Englishman. He says he is quite prepared to believe in the transubstantiation for which the Anglo-Catholics are arguing "when I can find a person who will come to the chapel at my house and tell me clearly whether a piece of bread which I present to him has undergone the change for which believers in transubstantiation contend." That is pretty strong language for a Bishop of the Anglican Church to indulge in. Little wonder that the Archbishop of Canterbury reproached him with unnecessarily offending the feelings of great numbers of churchmen.

Here, then, are some of the things that are happening to the church of England today. That it is a house divided against itself there can be no doubt. Whether disestablishment will be the eventual result no man can tell. To us with whom separation of church and state is complete it is an unthinkable presumption that the worship of our churches should be controlled by an act of Congress. One realizes particularly the humiliation to which the English Bishops were subjected when he remembers that the votes which defeated the Prayer Book on the 15th of December were cast by persons who were not members of the English Church at all. They were Baptists, Presbyterians, Christian Scientists, Jews, and one Parsee. Surely the Bishops are entitled to declare as Tom Paine did during the American Revolution, "These are the times that try men's souls."

The religion of any people when you get to the heart of it is nobler and more beautiful than any outward forms with which it may be clothed or the institutions with which it is associated. The very fact that this controversy is shaking a great nation shows the extent to which the religious impulse is prized. From many of these outward restrictions which surround their religious worship we by the grace of God and the accident of birth are free. But we still have our treasure in earthen vessels, and if we be not permitted to partake of the broken bread or the consecrated wine of those who are bound together in other traditions, we can still remember as remember we must that the place whereon we stand is holy ground.

Alson H. Robinson.

Jottings

The headline artist has not infrequently a sense of humor—and of irony! Featuring Washington despatches covering the Nicaragua embroilment and the treaty negotiations with France, the New York *World* on a certain day presented the following:

1,000 More Marines
Ordered to Nicaragua
U. S. Urges World Peace

These are headlines worthy of W. L. Gilbert at his best.

Count Keyserling, of Germany, and H. L. Brailsford, Maude Royden, and Norman Angell, of England, are among our distinguished visitors these days. Nothing so quickens our confidence in America as the fact that it is still regarded as a haven of ideas.

As income-tax reckonings are again to the fore, the following item of news from the London *Morning Post* may be of interest to Americans:

"He walked about all day with pencil and paper totting up figures for his income tax," was a statement made at the inquest of Sidney John Martin. The next day he was found by his wife hanging from a tree at the bottom of the garden.

"Protestantism is bankrupt morally and spiritually," says Dr. Allen Hoben, President of Kalamazoo College—"The lack of moral and religious results in the lives of adherents to Protestant churches is appalling." All this is featured by the newspapers, but it seems to us to be about as sensational as a daily stock report. Protestantism today stands so far below par, that we wonder it is listed at all.

Is the growing week-end habit of the American people destined to destroy the Sunday services of the churches? A group of Protestant churches in Brooklyn (N. Y.), recognizing the prevailing custom of leaving the city over the week-ends, announces a regular Thursday evening service, with full choir and sermon, to meet this situation. This portends—what?

It is pretty hard to extract a joke out of the S-4 tragedy. But the newspapers which have declared that the sinking of the submarine was the result of Prohibition because the S. S. "Paulding" colliding with her was engaged in looking for rum-runners, seem to be making one. If this is the scent, why not follow through to the rum-runners and blame them?

J. H. H.

The Method and Meaning of Quiet

Many times have I been asked what is the meaning of that which some of us call "having quiet" and how the experience may be reached by one to whom it is all new and strange. So that, at last, I have felt led to try and set down some of the fruit of my own experience in this field. The great limitations of my experience may have delayed this undertaking, but they have not sufficed to prevent it altogether. For I have observed the even greater lack of experience on the part of most of those about me. And I have been moved by the cry which arises night and day from the hungry hearts of those who seek for a light by which they may see their way clearly through the labyrinthine tangle and maze of our complex feverish disordered society to a life that is plumb with the universe, simple, strong, serene, and beautiful.

There *is* in the universe, awaiting every living soul, a source of sure guidance, Love along all the way, and a rock on which to build a house more eternal than the heavens, a home where is peace and joy forever. But how is all this to be reached by one who seeks but does not know where or how to seek?

Part I—Concerning Method of Having Quiet

In the first place, let a man go apart where so far as possible he can be entirely alone. There are times when fellowship in quiet is helpful, but the presence of another person almost unavoidably introduces slight noises or a tendency toward self-consciousness which hinders the realization of his purpose.

Secondly, let him choose a place where he can be as quiet as possible. When the seasons or his place of residence permits, let him go into the woods, or an open field, or a commanding hill-top. Let him arise early, if possible with the sun or before the sun, before the noises of human activity have once more been resumed and while his own bodily functions are still quiescent. In any case, let him have his quiet before his breakfast.

Then, let him set aside a period of time that is of sufficient length. Fifteen minutes or so may be all that feverish America can stand, but to anyone who is familiar with the time devoted to quiet by the truly great religious men of the race, such a dash of quiet seems ridiculous and in a real sense incongruous. We read that Gandhi has an hour or so of quiet every day. Tagore gets up to be alone with God at three or four o'clock in the morning. For Sadhu Sundar Singh two hours of wordless quiet is the irreducible minimum. After all, the universe hangs together with some sort of reason, some relation of cause and effect. If we spend ninety-nine one-hundredths of our time on "things" and one one-hundredth of our time on quiet before God (and this is just about what fifteen minutes a day comes to), we have no reason for being surprised if we find that money, business, and in general "the world" are just about ninety-nine times as real and meaningful to us as God! It would be so in any line of activity. It will not be different in the realm of the spirit.

I should think that a man might well try to begin with an hour. In general let him set aside as much time

as he finds through actual experience to be profitable. Of course, if he finds that he is merely *putting in* time, that the whole thing is becoming but a form, let him cut down the period to such length as he finds to be truly profitable. Let him cut it down and cut it down, even though at last he finds it all unprofitable, and cuts it out entirely. It is less important to have quiet or to pray than it is to be real. There is no trick by which God can be found by a pretender. The veil lifts only from before the eyes of him who really hungers and thirsts. We cannot make a man hungry by dragging his body to the table. Every man becomes hungry in time, at the time that is right for him. There is no hurry. Everything will be attended to. If a man is not hungry now, there is nothing to do but to wait.

But upon the man who *is* hungry, we would press not only the importance of allowing enough time but of allowing enough time regularly. Half an hour every day without fail, a time which we hold as our very first appointment and which we guard against intrusion as with a fiery sword, this will count for a good deal more in our growth toward God than an hour or two once or twice a week.

And now what shall we do when we have come into this quiet place of solitude?

First of all, let us take a position which, so far as possible, we can keep unchanged for the entire period of our quiet. What this position is, each one of us will have to discover for himself by more or less experimentation. Some may take most naturally to a chair. But there are considerations against this. Ordinarily a man will enter into a state of inner quiet more easily if his body is in the position with which he has become most familiar at such times, and he cannot be bothered with carrying along a chair if he wants to have quiet in the woods or hills! With practice he can soon learn to be comfortable sitting upon the ground or floor, with or without a cushion, with his legs crossed in front of him. In time he will be able to sit thus for an hour or so without moving. But even though this become his usual position, there will be times when the agony and importunity in his soul may drive him to his knees. There is certainly no virtue in any mere bodily position.

However, having taken whatever position has come to seem best, let him relax physically. Let him allow every little muscle to go loose and limp. Not until we try this do we realize how many little muscles there are, especially perhaps about the head and face, which are apt to remain tense unconsciously. All this tightness tends to induce a state of tension in our minds and spirits. First, therefore, it is necessary to let all this muscular stiffness slip off.

But more important than relaxation of the body is relaxation of mind and spirit. Along with any physical tenseness let a man allow to slip quite from off him every least fear, all feeling of worry or of hurry. Let him realize that there is not one thing in the universe by which he need be driven—not one obligation or responsibility which cannot give way before the *primary* responsibility of plumbing one's life with the universe, of knowing and doing the will of God. That he be true to the highest light that is in him—this *alone must* he do. And now is the time set aside for opening himself that he may know what light is and what it requires of him.

In order to attune one's consciousness to the great spiritual realities which one is preparing to face, it is often helpful to spend the first part of one's time in reading. Especially during the period when this is all new, it may be profitable to give over to reading as much, roughly speaking, as one-third of the time one expects to have in quiet. Later one will desire less time for reading and finally may eliminate it altogether. But, at least in the beginning, let him just bathe and soak in the religious experience of the great seers of the race. Let him not read critically but pensively. There is a time for the severest mental scrutiny, analysis and evaluation, but now let him read very meditatively, very openly, allowing to rise from out of the depths of his being whatever responds to the thought or feeling in the words before him, making no effort to cover any number of pages or chapters, holding himself obedient to the desire of his deeper being to ruminate, to float far out beyond the limits of all his littleness upon the ocean of universal love, or to take wings and fly in the joyous splendor of the sunlight through all the reaches of the heavens!

It is hardly advisable to attempt any hard and fast rules as to what to read. In general let a man read whatever he finds lifts him, quickens him, inspires him. There is in us a selective faculty which is to our spiritual life what our palate is to our physical life. As an uncorrupted taste can be pretty surely relied upon to tell us what we should put in our stomachs, there is in us something by which we know what will satisfy the hunger and thirst of our souls. *Trust this.* Do not try to make yourself read something which you have been taught to believe you *ought* to like or which is known as "religious." Avoid all *duty*-reading. Forget what is "religious" and what not. You have no concern with "religion." Your concern now is with life. And whatever it be that brings you rapt before the holy altar of truth, of beauty, of goodness, is of God. Whatever kindles in you the spirit of worship and devotion, whatever draws you irresistibly nearer to human beings, even one human being, and awakens your tenderness, your sympathy, your understanding, and makes you to see God in them, to see God everywhere and in every thing, whatever makes you to want to love more, to love more widely, more deeply, more self-effacingly and more constantly, and for love and truth's sake to give yourself utterly—*whatever* it be that calls forth such a response, *trust it.*

However, with all allowance for difference of individual need, there are certain books which, at one period or another, will almost unfailingly feed any soul that hungers deeply for real life. Those which I myself have found most helpful I am venturing to mention. And because I believe it very important that our spiritual life should have the very broadest foundation and that our approach to infinite and myriad-sided truth should be from as many angles as possible, I am including among them books that are both Catholic and Protestant, and not only Christian but Jewish, Hindu, Buddhist, Taoist and free-lance. They are:

Matthew, Mark, and Luke, and other parts of the Bible. The "Theologia Germanica," "The Practice of the Presence of God," "The Cloud of Unknowing," "The Gospel of Buddha" (edited by Paul Carus), "The Song Celestial" (Sir Edwin Arnold's translation of the Bhagavad Gita, the Hindu Sermon on the Mount), the "Tao Teh King" (the translation by Isabella Mears), "The Songs of Kabir" (translated by Tagore), "Gitanjali," by Rabindranath Tagore, "Light on the Path," by Mabel Collins, Emerson's "Self-Reliance,"

Olive Schreiner's "Dreams," Whitman's "Leaves of Grass," and Edward Carpenter's "Towards Democracy." A pretty good introduction to the literature in this field can be found in Evelyn Underhill's "The Life of the Spirit and the Life of Today" or in her larger work "Mysticism." More information about the above books and about those others of a less meditative sort which have helped me most along my way may be found at the back of my pamphlet, "The Community of Love."

[*To Be Continued.*]

BILL SIMPSON.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

(Copyrighted, 1928)

PART IV—CHAPTERS XVIII AND XIX

The Magic Spell of a Book

The black plague enhanced my influence with the poor Indians, and increased my business and my responsibility. Some of the new contacts with Europeans became so close that they added considerably to my moral obligations.

I made the acquaintance of Mr. Polak in the vegetarian restaurant, just like that of Mr. West. One evening a young man dining at a table away from me sent me his card expressing a desire to see me. I invited him to come to my table, which he did.

"I am sub-editor of the *Critic*," he said. "When I read your letter to the press about the plague, I felt strongly moved to see you. I am glad to have this opportunity."

Mr. Polak's candor drew me to him. The same evening we got to know each other and we seemed to hold very closely similar views on the essential things of life. He liked simple life. He had a wonderful faculty of translating into practice anything that appealed to his intellect. Some of the changes that he had made in his life were as prompt as they were radical.

Indian Opinion was getting more and more expensive every day. The very first report from Mr. West was alarming. He wrote; "I do not expect from the concern the profit that you thought there would be. I am afraid there may be even a loss. The books are not in order. There are heavy arrears to be recovered, but one can make no head or tail of them. Considerable overhauling will have to be done. But all this need not alarm you. I shall try to put things right as best as I can. I remain on, whether there is profit or not."

Mr. West might have left when he discovered that there was no profit, and I could not have blamed him. In fact, he had a right to arraign me for having described the concern as profitable without proper proof. But he never even once uttered a word of complaint. I have, however, an impression that this discovery must have led Mr. West to regard me as credulous. I had simply accepted Mr. Madanjit's estimate, without caring to examine it, and told Mr. West to expect a profit. I feel that a public worker should not take things on trust and should not make statements of which he has not made himself sure. Above all, a votary of truth must exercise the greatest caution. To allow a man to believe a thing which you have not fully verified is to compromise truth. I am pained to have to confess that in spite of this knowledge, I have not quite conquered my credulous habit for which my ambition to do more work than I can manage is responsible. This ambition has often been a source of worry more to my co-workers than to myself.

On receipt of Mr. West's letter I left for Natal. I had taken Mr. Polak into my fullest confidence. He came to see me off at the station, and left with me a book to read during the journey, which he said I was sure to like. It was Ruskin's "Unto this Last."

It was impossible to lay the book aside, once I had begun it. It gripped me. It was a twenty-four hours' journey from Johannesburg to Natal. The train reached Durban in the evening. I could not get sleep that night. I determined to change my life in the light of the book.

I had not read a single book of Ruskin's before this. During the days of my education I had read practically nothing outside textbooks, and after I launched into active life I had very little time left me for reading. I cannot therefore claim much book knowledge. I believe I have not lost much because of this enforced restraint. On the contrary, the limited reading may be said to have enabled me fairly to digest what I did read. Of these books, the one that brought about an instantaneous and practical transformation in my life was "Unto this Last." I translated it later into Gujarati entitling it *Sarvodaya* (the welfare of all).

I believe that I discovered some of my deepest convictions reflected in this great book of Ruskin and that is why the book so captured me and made me transform my life. A poet is one who can call forth the good latent in the human breast. Poets do not influence all alike, for every one is not evolved in an equal measure.

This is how I understood the teachings of "Unto this Last":

1. The good of the individual is contained in the good of all.

2. A lawyer's labor has the same value as the barber's, inasmuch as all have the same right of earning their livelihood from their labor.

3. A life of labor, *i. e.* of the tiller of the soil and handicraftsman, is the life worth living.

The first of these I knew. The second I had dimly realized. The third had never occurred to me. "Unto this Last" made it as clear as daylight for me that the second and the third were contained in the first. I awoke with the dawn, ready to reduce these principles into practice.

The Phoenix Settlement

I talked the whole thing over with Mr. West, described to him the effect "Unto this Last" had produced on my mind, and proposed that *Indian Opinion* should be removed to a farm, on which every one should labor, drawing the same living wage, and attending to the press work in spare time. Mr. West approved of the

proposal, and £3 was laid down as monthly allowance, irrespective of color or nationality.

But it was a question whether all the ten or more workers in the press would agree to go and settle on an out of the way farm, and be satisfied with a bare maintenance. We therefore proposed that those who could not fit in with the scheme should continue to draw their salaries and gradually try to reach the goal of becoming members of the settlement.

I talked to the workers in terms of this proposal. It did not appeal to Sjt. Madanjit who considered my proposal to be foolish and opined that it would ruin a venture on which he had staked his all, the workers would bolt, *Indian Opinion* would come to a stop, and the press would have to be closed down.

Among the men working in the press was also Chhaganlal Gandhi, one of my cousins. I had broached the proposal to him at the same time as to West. He had a wife and children, but he had from childhood chosen to be trained and work under me. He had full faith in me. So without any argument he agreed to the proposal, and has been with me ever since. There was the machinist Govindswami who also fell in with the proposal. The rest did not join the scheme, but agreed to go to wherever I removed the press.

I do not think I took more than two days to fix up these things with the men. Thereafter I at once advertised for a piece of land situated near a railway station in the vicinity of Durban. An offer came in respect of Phoenix. Mr. West and I went to inspect the estate, and within a week purchased twenty acres of land. It had a nice little spring and a few orange and mango trees. Adjoining to it was a piece of 80 acres which had many more fruit trees and a dilapidated cottage. We purchased this too, both costing a thousand pounds.

The late Mr. Rustomji was always my help in such enterprises of mine. He liked the project. He placed at my disposal secondhand corrugated iron sheets of a big godown and other building material, with which we started work. Some Indian carpenters and masons who had worked with me in the Boer war helped me in erecting a shed for the press. This structure which was 75x50 feet was ready in almost a month. Mr. West and others at great personal risk stayed with the carpenters and masons. The place which was uninhabited and thickly overgrown with grass was infested with snakes, and was obviously dangerous to live in. At first all lived under canvas. The main building was ready in a month. We carted most of our things to Phoenix in about a week. It was thirteen miles from Durban and two and a half miles from Phoenix station.

Only one issue of *Indian Opinion* had to be printed outside in the *Mercury* Press.

I now tried to carry with me and to draw to Phoenix those relations and friends who had come with me from India to try their fortune and who were engaged in some business or other. They had come in search of wealth and it was a difficult job to persuade them, but some agreed. Of these I can single out only Maganlal Gandhi's name here. The others went back to business. Maganlal Gandhi left his business for good to cast in his lot with me, and by his ability, sacrifice and devotion he stands foremost among my original coworkers in my ethical experiments, and as a self-taught handicraftsman his place is unique among them.

Thus the Phoenix Settlement was started in 1904, and in spite of numerous odds *Indian Opinion* continues to be published at the Settlement.

But the initial difficulties, the changes made, and the hopes and disappointments demand a separate chapter.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

The Bishop

[The Bishop is pacing in his chamber, restless, uneasy. He is a little neat spare man, well-cut but meagre features, blue eyes with a cold and somewhat forbidding expression although he has been preaching the doctrine of love and good-will, mouth a thin straight line, hair of no particular shade of brown, thinning. He speaks—half in revery and half in prayer.]

A splendid temple have I built to Thee, O God,
Surpassing all others in beauty and grandeur,
Surely this must be pleasing to the sight of heaven;
The quarries have yielded the finest marble for the building thereof;
Sculptured bronze doors, superb statues,
Priceless paintings adorn Thy temple,
Attesting Thy everlasting glory.
The richest and most prosperous
Will assemble here for Thy worship,
A choir of beautiful voices sing Thy praise;
In a magnificent altar hung with cloth-of-gold,
Robed in vestments befitting Thy servant,
I will preach the Gospel of Truth and Faith
And tell of the Sermon on the Mount.
In a great war I have blessed the soldiers,
Who went forth to fight in Thy Name.
Surely this will find favor in Thy sight.
Thy servant craves Thy blessing for his service
And implores Thee to give him a sign
That he will be granted a high place in Thy Kingdom.

[The room darkens. The Bishop seats himself in a comfortable upholstered easy chair. He hears a voice but no one enters.]

Voice—Bishop, what hast thou done for the glory of God?
Bishop—A splendid temple have I built
Surpassing all others in beauty and grandeur.
Voice—It will not give shelter to the homeless.
Bishop—The quarries have yielded the finest marble for the the building thereof.
Voice—The stones are not bread and will not feed the hungry.
Bishop—Sculptured doors of bronze and superb statues adorn the temple.
Voice—The statues have not tender arms to support the fallen and weary.
Bishop—Priceless paintings attest the glory of God.
Voice—The paintings do not bring laughter to children who have not learned to play.
Bishop—The richest and most prosperous assemble here for the worship of God.
Voice—It has been said, "It is easier for a camel to pass thru the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter heaven."
Bishop—A choir of beautiful voices sing the praise of God.
Voice—They do not give cheer to the despairing.
Bishop—In a magnificent altar hung with cloth-of-gold.
Robed in vestments befitting Thy servant
I will preach the Gospel
And tell of the Sermon on the Mount.
Voice—Thy rich vestments do not cover a humble heart. The Sermon was given on a hilltop to all men.
Bishop—In a great War I blessed the soldiers,
Who went forth to fight in Thy Name.
Voice—Each soul that breathes is precious.
Bishop—Surely this splendor will find favor with God.
Voice—Thy magnificent temple does not shut out the sight of humble dwellings and mean hovels.
Bishop—Then will I not be granted a high place in Heaven?
Voice—There are no high places in God's Kingdom.

ROSE DAVISON.

The Brotherhood of Youth

It was at the Freusburg Castle, another landmark in the history of the Youth Movement, that the first World Youth Conference took place last summer. Four hundred and fifty young people, representing twenty countries and two hundred different organizations, gathered in this fine old medieval castle overlooking the River Sieg and surrounded by thickly wooded mountains. To have the co-operation of *Bünde* from the extreme Left—Anarchists, Communists, Socialists—through to the Jung Deutscher Bund and Jung Nationaler Bund—which are nationalistic groups—to have Protestant, Catholic, Jew and free-thinker meeting as brothers and sisters, was indeed a remarkable achievement.

The American contingent consisted of twenty-one young people coming from New York, Boston, Philadelphia and Tulsa, Oklahoma. The World Youth Alliance, a youth organization in New York City, led a party of thirteen young men and women on a hiking trip through the Black Forest, around Lake Constance and into the Swiss and Austrian Alps. As this group, dressed as German Wandervoegel, landed at Bremen they were enthusiastically received by welcoming youth groups who were also dressed in colorful Wandervoegel clothing and sang their songs to the tune of their famous guitars as they marched the Americans through the streets of the city up to their Youth House. Here a vegetarian dinner awaited the American delegation, and then came the usual entertainment of folk songs and folk dances. The young Americans carried a message of peace and good-will, and as they passed from city to city, they were warmly received by the young people and shown around the town. At Frankfurt am Main they were officially received by the Mayor in the famous Hall of the Romans, and then given the freedom of the City. In welcoming the young pacifists from America, the Mayor addressed the group in a most friendly way. He was answered, in Anglicized German, by Ellis Chadbourne, the leader of the party, who expressed the belief that the cause of international peace could be greatly furthered by just such contacts and demonstrations by the youth of the world.

At the head of the American group could always be seen the Green Star of the Esperanto flag, the emblem of the universal language of Youth.

The Freusburg Conference was preparatory for the World Youth Congress to be held in Holland next summer (August 17-26). Full reports were therefore given of the work which had so far been done in various countries in preparation for establishment of a World Federation of Youth. The plans for the Congress were also set forth. At the conclusion of the conference a preparatory Committee for the World Youth Congress was elected, consisting of one hundred and twenty leading men and women, and from that number an executive of eighteen people were chosen. Further, regional secretaries were appointed to organize conferences and make known the plans for the World Congress and the World Federation in their respective districts.

As the young people gathered on the mountain top on the night of August 1st, around the great memorial fire, and listened to the inspiring words of the German poet, Fritz von Unruh, one of the greatest spirits of the New Germany, who had come in person to give us something of his divine enthusiasm for peace, born of the terror of the trenches, they all felt a deep unity in our common cause and a fresh strength and inspiration for the future. And as, on other occasions, they joined in folk-songs and folk-dances, in plays and pageants, they felt the unity of our common European heritage and the fundamental oneness of the life which unites us and yet expresses itself in such wonderful diversity of form.

In their discussions of the big problems concerning world peace, the conference was divided into four commissions. The first dealt with political and economic questions and studied Imperialism, Colonialism, Mandates, the League of Nations, Pan-Europa, Minorities, the Race Problem and the Relation of Capitalism to War. On most of these vital problems the young people found themselves, although coming from different political and religious standpoints, in remarkable agreement as to ideals and objectives, though they did not always agree on the best methods of achieving the common aim. The young delegates showed that they were opposed to every kind of imperial and colonial domination, every kind of race discrimination and to the present capitalist organization of society. On the League and Pan-Europa there were differences of opinion, some thinking that these institutions could be used for good ends, but others being alarmed by the possible dangers inherent in them.

The Educational Commission discussed the relation of education, both in the school and in the broader sense to the development of peace thought and attitude. The alternatives of reforming the present educational system or attempting to build up a new one outside of State Control was a matter of keen controversy, as was the whole subject of punishment and force.

The Commission on Religion and Philosophy dealt with the Peace issue from their particular standpoints, and their discussions showed how far-reaching the problem of peace really is and how deeply it penetrates into the spiritual aspect of our life.

The Commission on Life-Reform concerned itself with the great personal changes that would have to take place in the individual himself before peace could be really attained. The great personalities of Werner Zimmerman of Switzerland and Hedwig Eichbauer of Germany guided the discussions in this field. Another name for Life-Reform is the Simple Life or the National Life. The Germans are beginning to call it *Lebenserneuerung*—Regeneration, revitalization. The Life-Reformers say: If Youth is something that is not characterized by the number of years a person may be, but is synonymous with vitality and strength of character, then Youth may extend over a very long period of life. If it is Youth that young people want, then they ought to do those things that will best maintain their youth. Principles of dietetics, clothing, housing, out-door life, sunbaths, physical culture, sex-

hygiene, etc., etc., become the levers of a new philosophy of life, or, as the French say, the art of living. Why work for some social or political revolution which we may never realize, when we can effect an economic, social and political change by means of a *personal* change? False economic needs lead to an artificial life, to unnatural consumption and production—in one word, capitalism and war. We as personal factors make the whole system, and we as individuals, in ordering our lives anew, can help a lot in setting an example and changing the system. The revolt of Youth is characterized, not only by a dissatisfaction with the economic order, but also with every phase of wrong living.

Harold Bing, organizing secretary of the British Federation of Youth, very beautifully summarizes the work of the Conference as follows:

No one who attended that great gathering did not leave it feeling that his horizon had been broadened, his human sympathy enlarged, his peace work given new meaning and new inspiration. Peace could no longer be for any of us merely an intellectual conviction or an economic necessity, but part of the very tissue of our lives in the realms of body, mind and spirit. The spirit of that great gathering was magnificent, but we fully recognized in our closing session that it must not end with that one week, but must be carried forward to create a new world; it must become that spiritual reality of which economic and political changes would be the complement and outward expression. Recognizing the importance of the part which we in the Youth Movement are called upon to play in the evolution towards a new society based on peace, freedom and co-operation, we felt ourselves as instruments of a great forward-moving process and rededicated ourselves to the task before us.

Vivu Longe La Mandjunularo!

ELLIS CHADBOURNE.

Near and Far East Glimpses

Turkey

The Galata Bridge in Constantinople has ceased to be picturesque with particolored garments distinctive of numberless tribes and nationalities. Bobbed hair and short skirts almost monopolize the feminine element in the panorama of the street. New life pulsates everywhere, for Turkey has been born again. She has dared to shake off the mortmain of a crystallized religious system and is free to think and live out her own larger personality.

The daily press told us long ago in scare headlines that Communist Russia was atheist, and every now and again in bold colors paints this bogie, hoping to enlist churches in the fight against the mammoth social experiment which that nation is conducting. But a clear view of every country on earth which is really alive shows a like revolt against system-bound religion. Hence in America we have our college atheistic societies to match a similar movement wherever today men are in touch with reality. Turkey is one of the leaders in this human trend. Hence she treats all organized religious systems alike and forbids instruction in any of the warring faiths in all schools of every description.

Behold, then, the reaction! Instead of losing heart, sailing home and proclaiming mission work impossible, our missionaries are hailing with joy the advent of a new day in the religious story of mankind. Their eyes have been opened in two directions. First they begin to see Christianity in the light in which it appears to the Moslem. Missionary schools in Turkey are filled almost entirely with Turkish boys and girls, because with the exit of Greeks and Armenians from the country there are practically none others except Turks to attend them. Moreover, freed from religious propaganda the mission schools stand out as splendidly manned and equipped educational institutions able to prepare young people for active successful life. The removal of the religious bar to complete mutual confidence reveals to the missionary teacher what adherents of so-called Christianity most need to know, how their religion's story appears to those of a rival faith.

"You and Dr. Blank are not Christians! are you?" said an eager Turkish lad to the wife of the President of one of these colleges.

"Why, yes; certainly we are!"

"Impossible. For hundreds and hundreds of years the Christians have hated us, have fought us, have invaded our country, killed our people by thousands and tried to overthrow our Government. But you and Dr. Blank do nothing but love us, show us every kindness and give yourselves unselfishly to us. No, never! You cannot be Christians."

What a flashlight this exclamation threw upon the historic tale of the relations of Mohammedans and Christians from before the days of the crusades until now—"Unspeakable Turk!" matched by "Unspeakable Christian!"

Second, in consequence of the disclosure of the barbaric story of so-called Christianity's championship of armed force with its numberless outrages, culminating in the great "Christian" war of 1914-1918 (the consummate revelation of this system's real nature to the world) our missionary teachers have been thrown back upon the only basis common to all human religions, the experience of God's Fatherhood gained from living in genuine brotherly relations with all men. At once the chief characteristic of Jesus, as a man who so deeply tested the reality of this experience that his life was a wonderful exposition of this the common faith of mankind, broke in upon the minds of the little group of men and women at work in the mission schools of Turkey and led them to exclaim "Ah! there is but one thing left us and that is to live out this common human life and win to a like practice our students through the mysterious and irresistible force of spiritual contact."

No wonder the situation has changed in the Near East and a new epoch in religious propaganda has opened. There is nothing spectacular in all this. It belongs to the realm of the Kingdom of God which cometh without outward show. But it carries the hope of the world and it is of the nature of a winning spiritual force that will end the sad era of competitive so-called religious effort and usher in the golden age of cooperation in living out the common human religion everywhere.

In this sense Turkey and Russia stand near the

head in religious progress. Russia has scrapped the idea of God expressed in the theology, mis-called Christian, which so naturally flowered into the great war. She has not lived long enough to discover in the brotherliness, of which she is dreaming and which she is struggling to realize, the great embracing unity of Fatherhood. But in her endeavor to practice the life of each for the all and the all for each she is helping to build up all unconsciously the common human religion which is so mightily stirring the hearts and minds and wills of men the world over.

DOREMUS SCUDDER.

The Study Table

Reviews by John Haynes Holmes

The Soul of Jenkin Lloyd Jones

Early in the nineties of the last century, a devoted friend of Jenkin Lloyd Jones began to take down in shorthand the prayers he uttered from the pulpit. Mr. Jones had no knowledge of this until some years after the practice had begun. Later, from 1912 on, Mr. Jones's prayers were taken down, along with his extempore sermons, by his secretary.

Out of this great mass of material, covering a period of some twenty-six years, Mrs. Jones has gathered and arranged the selections contained in this little volume.* The editorial work has been done with a skill and care as notable as the lovely devotion which made the undertaking possible. Preceded by an illuminating passage from a sermon by Dr. Jones on "Why Pray," the prayers themselves are classified under a series of separate headings—"Nature and Human Nature," "Saints and Saviors," "Music," "Men and Books," "Festival Days," "Anti-War," etc.—which reveal their inner content, as well as the interests of the man who conceived and spoke them. With each selection, furthermore, is recorded the date of its delivery and the subject of the sermon with which it was joined.

Some of the prayers have a unique and impressive significance. Here, for example, is the petition offered on the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of All Souls Church. Here is a prayer spoken "at the funeral of the elevator man at Lincoln Center." Here is an Abraham Lincoln celebration prayer. We note the remarkable prayer delivered on the Sunday following Dr. Jones's return from the Ford Peace Ship expedition. We miss the prayers following the outbreak of the Great War, and the entrance of the United States into the conflict. But there is partial compensation in a noble group of prayers which sprang from out the dreadful days of 1915-1917. The bulk of the volume is composed of the devotional utterances of a great soul during the course of an enlightened, heroic and fruitful ministry. This is the soul of Jenkin Lloyd Jones revealed in all its purity, simplicity, and valiant cheer. We record herewith our indebtedness to those who preserved and have now made accessible this memorial of a saintly life.

Historical Novels

The time would seem to be about ripe for a great revival of historical novels. Signs are not lacking that the reading public is tiring of psychological stories—narratives that eschew outward events for inward analysis. What does Sabatini mean, for example, if not a rapturous acclaim of romance on the old Scott and Dumas lines? And here† are novels of a somewhat less traditional type which point the same way.

In "Brother Saul," Donn Byrne has taken the story of the Christian apostle Paul as the material for his tale. He has obviously had the ambition to write a great and memorable novel. The book shows laborious study of historical detail, lavish local color, highly elaborated style, and general stress and strain after effect. The result, unfortunately, is failure, largely for two reasons.

In the first place, the author has made the grievous error of following faithfully the career of Paul (or Saul) as it stands recorded in the New Testament. This means that there is no story or plot, but only a series of episodes linked together by nothing more tangible than a romantic Paul, feebly and thus inadequately conceived. There are two things that may be done in a case of this kind. One may write an imaginative biography—like Papini's "Christ"; or one may write a straight melodrama, like Lew Wallace's "Ben Hur." Donn Byrne has done neither, and thus has produced nothing.

Secondly, the author has overwrought his book to the point of positive distress. His story, such as it is, is drowned in the welter of detail. His style is loaded with studied imagery and poetic illusion until it fairly sinks of its own weight. Local names and illusions clutter the narrative endlessly. The result is utter loss of ease, dignity and real beauty. For the reader, also, the result is boredom. We were exhausted by the time we had finished the fiftieth page. Compare Byrne's story of Paul's voyage to Rome with the corresponding chapter in the "Book of Acts," and see what we mean!

"Power" is a story of a different stripe. A tale of eighteenth century court life in a small German duchy, it is written by a masterhand which knows how to handle its masses of detail with ease and great effect. It is amazing what a picture the author manages to give of that curious, artificial age two hundred years gone by. Tremendous, also, is the portrayal of the soul of a Jew who climbs to the pinnacle of influence and power in a period when Jews were still denizens of the ghetto. And there is tragedy, stern and high, in the Jew's discovery that he is *not* a Jew, and his refusal to use this discovery to save himself when he is taken to the gallows. Yet, for all its essential power, we did not like this book. It was in its own way overwrought, especially on the side of sex. We are tempted to say that, from this point of view, "Power" is one of the most disgusting books we have ever read. At any rate, the constant seductions and rapes nauseated us, and at last bored us. We got as tired of Feuchtwanger as of Donn Byrne.

"The Cross" is a book of a different type—and yet of much the same type! This also is a picture of a bygone age—Norway in medieval times. This also is

*"Prayers," by Jenkin Lloyd Jones. Published by The Beacon Press, Inc., Boston.

†"Brother Saul," by Donn Byrne. Published by the Century Company.

"Power," by Lion Feuchtwanger. Published by the Viking Press.

"The Cross," by Sigrid Undset. Published by Alfred A. Knopf.

filled with infinite detail of custom, habit, religious thought, domestic life, politics, war, and death. But the result in this case is a masterpiece of the first order. We need say little about it in this place, as "The Cross" is the third and last volume of the trilogy, of which "The Bridal Wreath" and "The Mistress of Husaby" are the first and second volumes, and these have been reviewed in these columns. In this concluding portion of one of the most moving stories we have ever read, Kristin Lavransdatter is taken through her last years of wifehood and motherhood to her lonely death. With unutterable pathos and yet with august dignity, she discovers happiness to be illusion and life defeat. Consolation and compensation are found in the spirit, which has its dreams which are not illusion and its visions which cannot know defeat.

Readers who would taste modern literature at its very greatest, must not miss this Undset trilogy. It ranks with Rolland's "Jean Christophe," Nexo's "Pelle the Conqueror" and Reynold's "The Peasants" as one of those tremendous works of genius which redeem and glorify our age.

Renan's "Life of Jesus"

Ernest Renan's most recent biographer, Dr. Lewis Freeman Mott, has said that, "whatever the various schools may think of it, [the 'Life of Jesus'] is still a living book." The truth of this assertion is now impressively demonstrated by the appearance of the great classic in the modern Library series of volumes. Like its predecessors in this series, this book* is well printed and bound. The special introduction is written by UNITY's Editor, Mr. Holmes.

* "The Life of Jesus," by Ernest Renan, Introduction by John Haynes Holmes. Published by the Modern Library. 95 cents.

Correspondence

The Russell Tremain Case

Editor of UNITY:

Knowing about the case from the beginning, I would like to call attention to the part taken by Judge Ed. E. Hardin, Bellingham, who ordered the restoration of the lad to his parents. When Russell was taken from his parents, because they were unwilling to have their son salute the flag (the law—a bad law—is mandatory and allows no exceptions) Judge Brown, Superior court, was on the bench. So it went on for more than a year, Judge Brown being unwilling to make any concessions, the parents refusing for conscience sake to recognize the court, and therefore unable to make any overtures for the release of the boy.

With the turn of the year, the duties of the Juvenile Court passed to another judge of the Superior court, Judge Hardin. In midsummer, last year, he began to make advances looking toward the restoration of the boy to his home. He wrote the parents that he would restore their son if they would give him some assurance that they would give their son a schooling in any school of their choice. They declined to recognize the court and matters were at a standstill again. Judge Hardin evidently was honestly trying to make it legally possible to restore the boy.

A couple of months after Judge Hardin's overtures, Robert Whitaker began his publicity campaign, while some of us in Seattle sought out some way to assure the judge that Mr. and Mrs. Tremain would be faithful in giving their boy an education. Some of us made a written statement to the judge that from our long acquaintance with the family we felt assured that they would adequately school their boy. This statement was made with no compromise on the part of Mr. and Mrs. Tremain, who repeatedly said they would make no promises to anyone. Judge Hardin took this statement—Judge Smith of Seattle, of the Juvenile Court, intimating that those making the statement were trustworthy—as sufficient fact of the intention of the parents to school their son, and gave order to the Washington Children's Home to restore the boy to his home.

I write this to place Judge Hardin properly in the matter. He inherited the case from a previous judge. He had a real desire to effect legally a restoration. He was looking for ground upon which to act. And he did act when he had the assurance that the lad would be educated—although it was given in no way by the parents, the son being returned with no compromise on their part.

I write also to point out that judges are not all alike. They are called upon to work with laws which they did not make and doubtless sometimes with laws with which they are not in sympathy. All governmental machinery is clumsy—in U. S. A., in Britain, in Russia—and there are times when it would seem to be wiser, and less expensive every way, to go directly to judges to assist them in getting them to do what in their hearts they want to see done. There is a place, an important one, for the work of mediators. It should be remembered too that judges are human and half-cultured, like ourselves, and under public attack generally grow hard and obstinate. The work of mediator is not a smooth one, for usually he is bumped on both sides.

SYDNEY STRONG.

Seattle, Washington.

Mayor Thompson and a War Referendum

Editor of UNITY:

The editorial, in UNITY of December 26th, condemning Mayor Thompson for suggesting referendum on wars and conscription, does not sound like UNITY. I would not call him a clown for suggesting an idea—any idea tending toward the ending and outlawing of war. (He was the one Mayor who protected the People's Council in Chicago, when the Government sent the militia out against them.)

There is absolutely no danger of war being so imminent that we could not stop to consider what it was all about and a vote could be taken over night; and it would always be *no*, as the people *never* want war—it is only governments that plunge us in. The people have everything to lose and nothing to gain. The last war was to teach us that. No one should ever need to question it. War is outlawed—arbitration is the modern humane method, and I am one *not* ashamed to support it.

KATE CRANE-GARTZ.

Altadena, California

Credit for "Big Bill"

Editor of UNITY:

I find much comfort in reading UNITY, and usually read it from cover to cover. For a long time I agreed so perfectly with what you had to say on such a variety of topics that I began to wonder if I really had ideas of my own or was just taking for granted that everything you said was perfect. But at last you did utter something I disapproved. Your attitude toward "Big Bill" Thompson, of Chicago, seems to be that he is so bad that he can do or say nothing good. I can't believe anyone gets that bad. During war-time "Big Bill" gave police protection to a meeting of the People's Council for Peace and Freedom, while Gov. Lowden's troops were on their way to break up the meeting.

"Big Bill" did once decline to run for re-election.

And when a war may be postponed until the results of a referendum are received, by all means postpone it. A congress that would vote for a referendum would surely vote for the war itself if no referendum were required. And I am not convinced that a referendum would always lead to a war, even though a majority of congress favored it. LaFollette's speech against entering the World War revealed that a vast majority of the letters he had received from constituents opposed our entering the war. The leading daily in this state opposed our entering the war up to the time war was declared, and surely had some effect on public sentiment. While no doubt our eastern seaboard might have rolled up a majority for war, I have never believed a majority of voters under our present safeguards of a secret ballot could have been stirred up in a short time to vote war during 1917.

W. J. HAWORTH.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

CONSTITUTIONALITY OF OUTLAWING WAR

Recent statements from government sources to the effect that treaties renouncing war and providing permanent peace might violate the Constitution of the United States have elicited statements to the contrary from eminent authorities. A discussion of the matter contributed by Professor Joseph P. Chamberlain to the New York *Times* on December 11 would seem to set at rest all doubt in the matter.

The question, as Professor Chamberlain puts it, is "whether a treaty proposing to 'renounce war as an instrument of public policy' would be beyond the treaty-making power of the United States of America as an unconstitutional limitation on the war power of Congress." He points out that the Capper resolution meets the constitutional situation since it must be passed by Congress and signed by the President. This resolution declares what the policy of Congress is with reference to war and "requests the Executive as the organ of the Government in charge of foreign relations, and the treaty-making power, the President and Senate, to adopt that policy. In this procedure there is no encroachment on the powers of Congress as the war-declaring organ of the Government. Congress enunciates a policy and assures the negotiating and the treaty-making organs in advance of its support in carrying out that policy. . . .

"The Capper resolution does no more than to express what the makers of the Constitution appear to have intended and what the Supreme Court has solemnly declared they did intend, that the Congress should use the power to declare war only for the defense of the territory and rights of the United States and its citizens. The fathers granted the treaty power to the President and Senate in the same instrument in which they granted to Congress the power to declare war."

Professor Chamberlain cites a number of proofs showing that "the fathers did not believe that vesting in Congress the authority to declare war meant that the treaty power should not take obligations which would direct it in the exercise of that power. The obligation, furthermore, was positive and not, as in the case of the Capper resolution, merely negative.

"Since the Constitution was put into effect the United States has continued the policy of entering into treaties of guarantee but limited to cases of the defense of portions of American territory in which the United States was vitally interested. The treaty with Colombia of December 12, 1846, contains in Article 35 a guarantee of the neutrality of the Isthmus of Panama (Malloy, Vol. I, p. 312). By the treaty with Panama of November 18, 1903, the United States 'guarantees and will maintain the independence of the Republic of Panama' (Malloy, Vol. II, 1349).

"Important treaties have been made by the United States to limit the exercise of other powers vested in Congress and vital to the national defense, treaties which would be invalid if the treaty proposed by Senator Capper is forbidden by implication from the Constitution."

Even the limitation of naval armaments to which the United States has already become a party is a limitation upon the constitutional grant of power to Congress "to provide and maintain a navy," a power which, as expressed in the Constitution, is unlimited. "Yet the power vested in Congress was considered perfectly consistent with the ratification of a treaty which expressly limited its exercise by fixing a maximum for the navy which Congress was authorized to provide for and maintain."

Professor Chamberlain further points out that the Root treaties of 1908 and 1909 and the Bryan treaties of investigation and conciliation of 1913 and 1914 incur international obligations which morally limit the right to declare war.

Professor Chamberlain's argument is supported by other eminent authorities and would seem to be conclusive.

Information Service,
Federal Council of Churches.

THE SITUATION IN CHINA GROWS MORE SERIOUS

"Nine million persons in 33,000 villages facing famine in Shantung and Chihli Provinces."—Associated Press Dispatch from Shanghai to the New York Times, November 17th.

Also a recent dispatch from Peking to the *Herald Tribune,* New York: "Never in recent years has China been in a more chaotic condition than now."

A number of the twenty-five Christian orphanages are in the famine area. All of them are in great distress. In normal times the Chinese give most of the support for these homes, but they must have help now in this crisis or many of their dependent orphans will perish. L. A. Anglin, Taianfu, Shantung Province, gives a description of the situation the orphanages now face: "Just now the distress is awful. This morning there is a group of children at the front waiting to be taken in—two girls have walked eighty miles; several boys have come forty miles. We are overcrowded and in debt, but if we send them away, what can they do? How I wish the people of America could be here and see the distress we have to see from day to day."

Millions of China's dependent children are facing starvation. Throngs of them are seeking to enter the twenty-five Christian orphanages we have in that country.

Dr. Frank Rawlinson, editor of the Chinese Recorder and the China Mission Year Book, knows China as a whole probably as no other man there. Writing October 25th, he says, "I know personally that the orphanages are having a very difficult time. They certainly need relief at once."

In this period of chaos and reconstruction when the fatherless suffer most, we have our best opportunity to reveal to China that we are her true friend and want to help. This kind of work is appreciated by all classes. Dr. Sun, the first president of China and the nation's leader, said just before his death: "We (Dr. and Mrs. Sun) are not only interested in your worthy efforts, but most appreciative and grateful to you." The Honorable Sao Ke Alfred Sze, Chinese Minister to Washington, said, "I need hardly say that an association with so laudable an object has my sympathy and support." The leaders of China in this country and in China greatly appreciate our willingness to help them in this great task.

Not one of the Christian orphanages in China has been closed.

This is one kind of work that has gone on with increased power and usefulness during the present troubles. These centers of Christ-like service conserve the interest of the past and prepare the way for more useful work in the future.

The missionaries and the Chinese are standing by this work heroically and doing their best to save just as many orphans as possible.

The United States and Canada are enjoying the greatest material prosperity of any people in the world's history. China is in the greatest distress of any nation in the world today. The children of the United States and Canada have more comforts and blessings than any children in the world; millions of China's children are suffering for the bare necessities of life. We are rejoicing these Christmas and New Year days in the bountiful blessings that have come to us and our children. What greater appreciation could we manifest for these blessings and comforts than to help save the starving orphan children in China? How much more real would these blessings be to us if we would share them with the suffering homeless children of China. Giving up something that we may have a part in saving child life in sore distress will be a blessing to us and reveal the true heart of our country in wanting to help China in this crisis of the nation's history.

Fifty dollars feeds, clothes and educates an orphan in one of these homes for a year, $100 cares for two, $250 for five, $500 for ten, etc.; $250 builds a room to house eight orphans, $500 provides the class room, $1,000 the assembly hall, etc. We are anxious to know how many can be cared for next year.

The Child Welfare Association of China exists to coordinate and unify all efforts in China and in this country to save the dependent children and fit them for life's responsibility in keeping with the present conditions and future needs of the Chinese nation. There are dependable groups of Chinese and missionaries working at this problem in China and a large cooperative committee in North America helping them. We need to save just as many of the dependent children as we can and lay plans for permanent relief by giving the Chinese the very best methods to help solve this problem so vital to childhood and to the nation. All the friends of China should come to her aid at this time of unparalleled distress and help meet the emergency.

Send all gifts and inquiries to the Child Welfare Association of China, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

PRAYERS

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A PACIFIST GENERAL

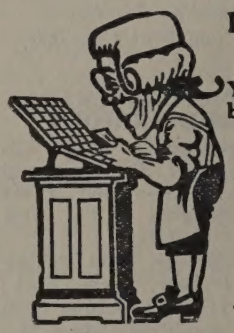
There were many distinguished men from several countries at the international conference on war danger held recently in London, but none of them made a deeper impression than the German pacifist, Gen. von Schoenaich, whose experience of war made him its uncompromising enemy. "As an old German officer," he told the conference, "I owe you an explanation of how I come to be a changed man. I was 37 years a soldier with all my heart. I made my first step to pacifism during the war. Formerly I believed that a soldier's work was chivalrous. Perhaps it was in the old days when one gallant knight fought another. But what has modern technic made of this once chivalrous occupation?" He answered his own question at some length out of his experience, concluding that modern war is not chivalrous but bestial—an adjective which he at once withdrew as insulting to "the good animals."

His second step in pacifism was made after the war, when he belatedly learned how Lloyd George had promised that after the war every Englishman would be happier and richer than before: "That is the idea which all statesmen in all wars have had. But I ask you, you English people, are you any happier? Are you richer? How looks the world's economy today nine years after this stupid war?" His questions were answered with emphasis by people in the audience, and he had no difficulty in making his hearers understand why he had become an enemy of war. He did not pretend that he spoke for his caste as a whole and he expressed the view that in no country in the world is the work of a pacifist so difficult as in Germany, which "must choose between being the battlefield of the nations or the binding link between them."

But he said that the pacifist movement was going forward slowly but steadily in Germany and he thought the danger of war henceforth would lie not in the old military class or the bellicose professors, but in the economic field: "When the oil kings cannot agree with one another the people must fight for them." Gen. von Schoenaich is so convinced of the helplessness of a nation when its rulers have resolved on war that he goes to the length of advocating, in this single contingency, resort to the desperate expedient of the general strike. It is not surprising that he cheerfully added: "If the old militarists could do what they want they would hang me up."

When recently an eminent British general astonished the world by coming out in denunciation of war his critics seized upon his mention of his long service as the explanation of his weakening. Possibly the fact that this German general was not converted until he had been for nearly 40 years a whole-hearted soldier will likewise be used to discredit his conversion, but the argument that pacifism is a natural consequence of senility is oddly in conflict with the fashionable theory that "old men" make the wars which youth has to fight. Nor is there any hint of senility in the energetic crusade against war which this old German general is carrying on in Germany. It is impossible to resist the conclusion that among those who served with distinction in the war were some who drew from it the lesson that the time has come to make an end of war.

Springfield Republican.



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